THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Enter BARNARDO, *and* FRANCISCO, *two Sentinels.*

Bar. WHoſe there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me. Stand and vnfold your ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.
Fran. For this relefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*.
The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the *Dane*.
Fran. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O, farewell honest Souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.
Bar. Say what, is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.
Hora. What has this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That

That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtar thats Weſtward from the Pole;
Had made his courſe t'illumin that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maieſty of buried *Denmarke*
Did ſomtimes march: by heauen I charge thee ſpeak.
Mar. It is offe ded.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.
Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake I charge thee ſpeake.

Exit Ghoſt.

Mar. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble & look pale,
Is not this ſomething more then phantaſie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the ſenſible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once when in an angry parle
He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion.
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes.
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubiect of the Land,
And with ſuch daily coſt of brazen Cannon
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweatie haſte
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,
Who iſt that can informe me?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride.
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie
Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,

Had

Had he bin vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the Articles deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, yong *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt vp a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes
For food and diet to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſt-haſte and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen ſo;
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.

Hora. A mote it is to trouble the minds eie:
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Diſaſters in the Sun; and the moiſt ſtarre,
Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
VVas ſick almoſt to Doomeſday with eclipſe
And euen the like precurſe of fierce euents,
As Harbingers preceding ſtill the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue Heauen and Earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, lo where it comes againe

Ile

Ile crosse it though it blast me: stay illusion, *It spreads his armes.*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VVhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,
VVe doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VVhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
VVherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduiſe,
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitring our dutie.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Clandius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Cland. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike State
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now follow es that you know young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſioynt, and out of frame
Collegued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peſter vs with meſſage

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of Law
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſineſſe is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haſt commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voice; what would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*?
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To ſhew my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that dutie done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my ſlow leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you.
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eie looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt,
Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Quee. If it be,
Why ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my inkie cloke could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomarie Sutes of ſolemne blacke,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the eie,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moods, ſhapes of griefe
That can deuoute me truly, theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.
King. Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father,
But you muſt know your father loſt a father.
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A heart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold,
For what we know muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh oppoſition
Take it to heart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograd to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our ſonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother looſe her praiers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madame.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes ſhall tell.
And the Kings rowſe the Heauen ſhal brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flouriſh. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, O God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed, things ranke & groſſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of Heauen
Viſit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhee
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, maried with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! moſt wicked ſpeed; to poſt
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my ſelfe.

Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funeral.
Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deareſt foe in Heauen
Or euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio*,
My father me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eie *Horatio*.
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all,
I ſhall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurprized eies,
Within this trnnchions length, whil'ſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,

Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht,

Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?

Hora. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. Tis verie ſtrange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay verie pale.

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you?

Hora. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Verie like: ſtaid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundreth,

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. His beard was griſſeld, no.

Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.

Ham.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance t will walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleuen and twelue
Ile visit you.
All Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, doe not sleepe
But let me heare from you.
Ophe, Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature crescant does nor grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

His

His greatneſſe waid, his will is not his owne.
He may not as vnualued perſons doe,
Craue for himſelfe, for on his choice depends
The ſafetie and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumſcrib'd,
Vnto the voice and yeelding of that bodie,
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to beleeue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his ſaying deed, which is no further,
Then the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſt treaſure open,
To his vnmaſtred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
" The chaſteſt maide is prodigall enough
If ſhe vnmaske her beautie to the Moone
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
" The Canker gaules the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent,
Be wary then, beſt ſafetie lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.

Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe.
Shew me the ſteepe and thornie way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalliance treads.
And reakes not his owne Reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleſſing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? aboord, aboord for ſhame,

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euerie man thy eare, but few thy voice,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night the day
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farewell my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inueſts you, go, your ſeruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memorie lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*

Pol. What ift *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*

Pol. Marrie well bethought
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous,

If

If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance,
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marrie I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe to, goe to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſome thing ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes, for they are Brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhew
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Haue you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites ſhroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon.
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two Peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſell and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his draits of Rheniſh downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marrie iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and Weſt
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reaſon,
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect

Being

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall *Dane*, O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe? *Beckons.*
Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,

And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the floud my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme
Which might depriue your Soueraignтie of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That looks ſo many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke*.
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pittie mee not but lend my ſerious hearing to what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to heare.

Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale vnfold whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young bloud,
Make thy two eies like ſtarres ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of flesh and bloud, liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghoſt. Reuenge his ſoule, and moſt vnnatural murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſte me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weed
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſed: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetike ſoule my Vncle.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with bloud of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholſome bloud; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth bodie.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

Let

Let not the Royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor ler thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To prick and ſting her : fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen! O earth! what elſe,
And ſhall I couple hell, O fie ! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes; grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp ; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memorie holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſaw of Bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen.
O moſt pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine,
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue ſworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How iſt my noble Lord?
Hora. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmake*
But he's an arrant Knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſineſſe aud deſire ſhall point you,
For euery man hath buſineſſe and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am ſorrie they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you,
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maſter't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What iſt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſweare't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord alreadie.
Ham. Indeed vpon my Sword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.
Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene,
Sweare by my Sword.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic, & vbiq́,* then weele ſhift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword,
Sweare by my Sword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.
Ghoſt. Sweare by his Sword.
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, canſt worke it'h earth ſo faſt,
A worthy Pioner once more remoone good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in your Philoſophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Antike diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As, wel, well we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this do ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed ſpirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O curſed ſpight!
That euer I was borne to ſet it right,
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and theſe two notes *Reynaldo*,
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhal do marueilous wiſely good *Reynaldo*.
Before you viſit him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well ſaid, very well ſaid, looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompaſment and drift of queſtion
That they do know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay, not well,
But y'ſt be he I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marrie none ſo ranke
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that,
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companious noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.

You muſt not put another ſcand all on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his fauls ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of libertie,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A ſauageneſſe in vnreclaimed bloud,
Of generall aſſault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marrie ſir, heere's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſonne
As t'were a thing a little ſoilde with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerſe, him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence,
Good ſir (or ſo) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phraſe, or the addition
Of man and Countrie.

Rey. Verie good my Lord.

Pol. And then ſir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſome thing,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marrie,
He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and as you ſay:
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch or ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothell or ſo forth, ſee you now,
Your bait of falſhood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome, and of reach,
With windleſſes: and with aſſayes of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduiſe

Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Rey. I ſhall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Muſick.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin ſo affrighted

Polo. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.

Poi. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Polo. What ſaid he?

Ophe. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it; long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Polo.

Polo. Come, goe with me, I will go ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate vndertakings
As oft as any paſſions vnder heauen
That does afflict our natures : I am ſorrie,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters : and denied
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am ſorrie, that with better heed and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beſhrow my Iealouſie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lacke diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation ſo call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and hauour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies.
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

So

So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedie.
Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Then to intreatie.
Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues in the full bent,
To lay our ſeruice freely at your feet.
King. Thanks *Roſencraus*, and gentle *Guyldenſterne*,
Quee. Thanks *Guyldenſterne*, and gentle *Roſencraus*.
And beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſonne: goe ſome of you
And bring theſe Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guyl.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embaſſadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege,
I hold my dutie as I hold my ſoule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol.

Polo. Giue first admittance to the Embassdors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anual fee,
And his commission to imploy those Souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safetie and allowance
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this businesse:
Meane time, we thank you for your wel took labour,
Go to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended,

My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſneſſe the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be briefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madneſſe,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Madam, I ſweare Iuſe no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,
To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idoll the moſt beautified
Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtars are fiee, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adiew. Thine euermore moſt deare Ladie, whileſt this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings

As

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistresse this I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruits of my aduise,
And he repel'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
King. How may we trie it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobbie.

Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will tric it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch come: reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile board him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a plenti-

plentifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potently beleeue, yet I hold it not honeſtie to haue it thus ſet down, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backeward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Polo. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reaſon and ſanctitie could not ſo proſperouſly be deliuered of. I wil leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guilderſterne, and Roſencrans.*

Polo. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how doſt thou *Guildenſterne*? A *Roſencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fauors.

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ha. In the ſecret parts of fortune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a ſtrumpet What newes?

Roſ. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure*?

Roſ. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and ſure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpeny: were you not ſent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guyl. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to colloure, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can change you withal, be euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall, my anticipation preuent your discouerie & your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appearth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Annimales, & yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers shall receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plaies the King shall be welcome, his Maiest e shall haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the louer shall not sing gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace and the Ladie shall say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

Ham.

Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both waies.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twentie, fortie, fiftie, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. *A flourish.*

Guyl. There are plaiers.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North-west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke, from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, are each eare a hearer, that great babie as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Plaiers; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vpon my honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall, Pastoral-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephta*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladiship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian

Beast,

Beaſt, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he
whoſe ſable armes,
Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complection ſmeard,
With Heraldy more diſmall head to foot,
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and embaſted with the parching ſtreets
That lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceed you.
Pol. Foregod my Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good diſcretion.
Striking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell ſword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his baſe; and with a hiddious craſh
Takes priſoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his ſword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th ayre to ſtick,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heauens, the racke ſtand ſtill,
The bould winds ſpeechleſſe, and the orbe below
As huſh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, ſo after *Pirrhus* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marſes* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
VVith leſſe remorſe then *Pirrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall ſynod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhal to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good!

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.
With *Biſon* rheume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husbands limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone, good my Lord will you ſee the Players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honour and dignitie, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your boun y. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrow; doſt thou

here,

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*. *Exeunt Polonius Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suting
VVith formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
VVhat's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled rasckall peake,
Like *Iohn*-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
VVho calls me villain, breaks my pate a crosse,
Plucks off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, gives me the lye i'th throat
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hah! s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould haue fatted all the region kytes
VVith this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſſe villain.
VVhy what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fal a curſing like a very drabbe; ſtallion, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guiltie creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomthing like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
VVherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords

King. And can you by no driſe of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
VVhen we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion

Of his true ſtate.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moſt true.
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good Gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my ſelfe,
VVee'le ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene,
VVe may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If't be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildn: ſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you,

We will beſtow our ſelues; read on this Booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lowlineſſe; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar o're
The Deuill himſelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To die to ſleepe
No more: and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleep,
To ſleep, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come?
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th' oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himſelfe might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd Countrie, from whoſe borne

No traueller returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ils we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
VVith this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons
Be all my sins remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prone vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. VVhat meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.

Ophe. Could beautie my Lord haue better commerce
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a Baud, then the force of honesty can translate beautie in his likenesse, this was sometime a Paradoxe, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so euacuate our old stock, but we shall relliſh of it: I loued you not.

Ophe.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoghts to put them in, imagination to giue them ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, beleiue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, VVher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wiſemen know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly too, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelues another, you gig & amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonneſſe ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſucke the hony of his Muſick vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſouereigne reaſon
Like ſweet bels iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extaſie. O wo is me
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter King and Polonius

King. Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcolſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet do I beleiue the origen & comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſdome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the Town-crier ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe al gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, & as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a tempernce, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to to the ſoule, to heare a robuſti-

ous Perwig-pated fellow tere a passion to totters, to verie rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out-*Herods*, *Herod*, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her owne Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Christians*, nor the gate of *Christian*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the Foole that vses it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two helpe to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio*. *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora.

Hora. O my deare Lord,

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattred?
No let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning, dost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Somet'ing too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that Act a foot,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eies will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the Play. I must be idle,

Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th the Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Haus. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there.
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother here's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue a Sute of Sables; O heauens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but ber Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Enter

The Trumpets sound. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a banke of flowers, shee seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischeife.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ha. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tregedy,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a Ring?

Ophe. Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since Loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sun and Moon
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ſt, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little fears grow great, great loue grows there
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needs be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood.
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeue you think what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortuns change.
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanks the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wife. break it now.
King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep,
Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twain *Exeunt.*
Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.
Ham. O but shee'le keep her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poison in iest, no offence i'th world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap, marry how tropically, this Play is the Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish piece of work, but what of that? your Maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If

If I could see the puppits dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Raven doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Considerate season, els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horacio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortuns turne Turk with me, with prouincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Player?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere:
This Realme dimantled was
Of *Iouе* himselfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comodie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, ſome muſique.

Enter Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne.

Gu. Good my Lord, voutſafe me a word with you

Ham. Sir a whole hiſtorie.

Guyl. The King ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous diſtempred.

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer to ſignifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, And ſtare not ſo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this curteſie is not of the right breed, if it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, ſhall be the end of buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What n y Lord.

Ha. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wits diſeaſd, but ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhal command, or rather as you ſay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſaies, your behauionr hath ſtrooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull ſonne that can ſo ſtoniſh a mother! but is there no ſequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Roſ. My Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe p.ckers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Roſ. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but wile the graſſe grows, the prouerb is ſomthing muſty, oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying: gouern theſe ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops, you would pluck out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They fool me to the top of my bent, I wil come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid,
Tis now the very witching time of nighe,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart looſe not thy nature! let not euer,
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeak dagger to her, but vſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them ſeales neuer my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs
To let his madneſſe range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.
Guyl. We will our ſelues prouide,
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feed vpon your Maieſty.
Roſ. The ſingle and peculier life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keep it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, vpon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceſſe of Maieſty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each ſmall annexment, petie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous saine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grownе.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Roſ. VVe will haſt vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe
To here the proſſeſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'le tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
Tis meet that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*
King. Thanks deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerues mercie
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is paſt, but oh! what forme of praier
Can ſerue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther:
That cannot be ſince I am ſtil poſſeſt
Of thoſe affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May

May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults!
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees and heart with ſtrings of ſteele
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuenged, that would be ſcand
A villaine kils my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, do this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.——not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſcaſoned for his paſſage?
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no relliſh of ſaluation in't.

Then trip him that his heele may kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come ſtrait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You go not till I ſet you vp a Glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Ger.

Ger. O what a raſh and bloudie deed is this.
Ham. A bloudie deed, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marrie with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding Foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue nor braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwarke againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſtie,
Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers oathes, Oh ſuch a deed!
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoule: and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſodie of words; heauens face does glow
Ore this ſolidiry and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Quee. Ay me what act?
Ham. That rores ſo lowd and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hiperions curles the front of *Ioue* himſelfe,
An eie like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the Herald *Mercurie*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,

This was your husband, look you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
And batton on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the bloud is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantitie of choice
To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all;
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and grieued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nastie stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in my eares
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth.

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelfe the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alaſſe he's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time and paſſion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O ſay!
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits,
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighing ſoule!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you Ladie?
Ger. Alaſſe how i'ſt with you?
That you doe bend your eie on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold diſcourſe,
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peepe,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and ſtands an end: O gentle ſonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cauſe conioyned, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable, do not looke vpon me,
Leſt with this pittious action you conuert
My ſterne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for bloud.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No, nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation, extaſie is very cunning in
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſick, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham, O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a Frock or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo

To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him; ſo againe good night
I muſt be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Ladie.

Ger. What ſhall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddack, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deere conſeruings hide, who would doe ſo,
No, in deſpight of ſence and ſecrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that,

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters ſeal'd, & my two ſchool-fellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they muſt ſweepe my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the Enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines.
And blow them at the Moone: O tis moſt ſweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
I'le lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſailer
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
VVho was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
VVhere is your ſonne?
Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a lit le while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?
King. VVhat *Gertard*, how dooes *Hamlet?*
Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.
King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhal. this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Shows it ſelfe pure, a weeps for what is done.
King. Gertrad, come away,

The

The Sun no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deed
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and skill *Enter Roſ. and Guyld.*
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, go ioyne you with ſome further ayd,
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Poloniu* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he drag'd him,
Go ſeeke him out ſpeake faire and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds Diameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poyſoned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus and others.

Ha. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noiſe, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O here they come.

Roſ. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ha. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqeeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper where.

Ha. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certain conuocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelues for maggots, your fat King & your leane Beggar is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alaſſe, alaſſe.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſſe

greſſe through the guttes of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, ſend thether to ſee, if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe, but if indeed you find him not within this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. A will ſtay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deed for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which we doe tender, as we deerly grieue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe;
The Barke is readie, and the wind at help,
Th'aſſotiats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees them, but come for *England*:
Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one fleſh, ſo my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with ſpeed abourd,
Delay it not, I'le haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is ſeald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make haſt,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'ſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to vs, thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,

And

And thou muſt cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Go ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propoſd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortinbraſſe.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir?
Or for ſome frontire?

Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Now will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*,
A ranckerrate, ſhould it be ſould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already gariſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap. God buy you ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. I'le be with you ſtraight, go a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt me,

And

And ſpur my dull reuenge. VVhat is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnus'd, now whether it be
Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſdome,
And euer three parts coward I do not know
VVhy yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
VVitneſſe this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
VVhoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inuiſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
VVhen honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
VVhereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
VVhich is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeak with her.

Gen. She is importunate.
Indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. T'were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of *Denmark*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia.* *she sings.*

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweete flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee may be; God be at your table.

King.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, ſay you this.

To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and donde his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore.
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed without an oath I'le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers) So ſhould I a done by yonder ſun
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother ſhall know of it, & ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poiſon of deep griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore,
VVhat is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. VVhere is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chaſt vnſmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?

Let

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
Ther's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him go *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King, Let him demand his fill,

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my bloud.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eie. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noise is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be paid with weighe
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue, remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercie on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came from the Embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much ſpeed as thou wouldſt flie death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare

will

will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord
of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am,
Rosencraus and *Guilderſterne* hold their course for *England*, of them
I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for these your Letters.
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperate termes,
VVhose worth, if praises may goe backe againe

Stood

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleeps for that, you muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.

Meſſen. Theſe to your Maieſty, this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
Meſſen. Sailers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.
King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome, to morrow ſhall I beg leaue to ſee your Kingly eies, when I ſhall, firſt asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occaſion of my ſudden returne.
King. What ſhould this meane, are all the reſt come backe,
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a poſtſcript here he ſaies alone,
Can you deuiſe me?
Laer. I am loſt in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didſt thou.
King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploite, now ripe in my deuiſe,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:

And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accident.

Laer, My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of ſince your trauel much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuerie that it weares
Then ſetled age, his ſables, and his weeds
Importing health and graueneſſe; two moneths ſince
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As had he bin incorp'ſt, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* waſt?

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a ſight indeed

If

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eie,
If you oppos'd them; ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuie.
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I think you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begun by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time quallifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſſe ſtill,
For goodneſſe growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We ſhould doe when we would: for this *Would* changes,
And hath abarements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a ſpend-thrifts ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing; but to the quicke ot th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To ſhew your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murther ſanctuarize,
Reuenge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keepe cloſe within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home,
We'le put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,

Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpoſe, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplatme ſo rare
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Weigh what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I haut, when in your motion you are hot and drie,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he cals for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſters drownd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd, O where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brook,
That ſhowes his hoarie leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame,
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepherds giue a groſſer name,
But our cullcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

Clambring to hang, an enuious ſluer broke
When downe her weedy trophæs and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
VVhich time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe.
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drink,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alaſſe then is ſhe drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will, when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech a fire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to do to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian burial, when ſhe wilfully ſeeks her owne ſaluation?

Othe. I tell thee ſhe is, therefore make her graue ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drown'd her ſelfe in her own defence.

Oth. Why tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe, for here lies the point, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all; ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but here you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here ſtands the

man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse wil not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this questiõ next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making.

Hora. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſines.

Ha. Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier ſence.

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteps *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if t'were *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the firſt murder: this might be the pate of a pollititian, which this Aſſe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay good morrow my Lord: how doſt thou ſweet Lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones horſe, when a meant to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een ſo, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens ſpade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade, *Song.*
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he ſuffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhouell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will ſcarcely lye in this box, and muſt th'inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which ſeeke out aſſuranee in that, I will ſpeake to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't to be in't and ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quick lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man doſt thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equiuocatiõ wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.

Clow. Twill not bee ſeene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Faith een with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we haue many pocky corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. VVhy he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth (twenty three yeares.

Ham. VVhoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it (was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yoricke* I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laught at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might

They not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Sould patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter King*
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Quee. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprate hand
Foredoo it owne life, 'twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies haue been as far inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heré ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſernice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'd haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet mayd,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

Fall

Fall ten times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Til I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *Emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring Stars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the *Dane*.
Laer. The Diuell take thy ſoule,
Ha. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdome feare; hold off thy hand?
King. Pluck them aſunder,
Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſum. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes*.
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him?
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doo:
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eat a Crocadile (ſelfe,
I'le doo't: dooſt come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'le rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day *Exit Hamlet,*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhal you ſee the other,
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo's, raſhly,
And praiſd be raſhnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that ſhould learne vs
There's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingerd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, ſo bold

My

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an ex & command
Larded w th many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. I'it poſſible?
Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I ſat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yeomans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare
And ſtand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contens,
Without debatement further more or leſſe
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriuing time allow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeald?
Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modell of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou knoweſt already,

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* go too't.

Ham. They are not neer my conſcience; their defeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mightie Oppoſites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee ſtand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*

Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir,
Doo'ſt know this Water-flie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all diligence of ſpirit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very ſoultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeue mee an abſolute Gentleman,

man, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſocietie, and great ſhowing: indeed to ſpeake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalender of Gentrie: for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, though I know to diuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in reſpect of his quick ſaile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoule of great article, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixion of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy ſir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our mor rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Iſt not poſſible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will doo't ſir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir, yet in faith if you did, it would, not much approue me, well ſir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wagerd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt the which he has impaund as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our sides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* Swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of mistie collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by yong *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnesse speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora, You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the oddes; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is such a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I shall forestall their repaire hither and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie Augurie, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnesse,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, doe's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who does it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my Arrow ore the house

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and prefident of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I imbrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtarre i'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mock me ſir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles yong *Oſtrick*, coſin *Ham.*
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker ſide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy: let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

Oſtr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onix ſhall he throw,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come begin. *Trumpets*
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on ſir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Oſtr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets and ſhot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flouriſh, a Peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.
Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while
Come, another hit. What ſay you?

Laer. I doe confeſt.

King. Our ſonne ſhall winne.

Quee. He's fat and ſcant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyſned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer, My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience,

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence
I am ſure you make a wanton of me

Laer. Say you ſo come on.

Oſtr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenſt.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Oſtr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is it my Lord?

Oſtr. How iſt *Laertes?*

Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne ſpringe. *Oſtrick*

I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art ſlaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poiſon temperd by him-
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*, (ſelfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'le hate,

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou didſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet
And flight of Angels ſinge thee to thy reſt. (Prince,
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hora. VVhat is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencrans* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thanks?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from *England*
Are here arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed ſo the view,
And let me ſpeak, to th'yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſl'ughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights of memory in this Kingdome,
Which now to cleime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voice wil draw no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſ-
On plots and errors happen. chance

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To haue proued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The Souldiers muſick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but here ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the Souldiers ſhoot. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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